

# Reflections of a Woods Hole Boy

## Childhood Reminiscences of Frederick VanBuren Lawrence (1908 – 1991)

*Edited by Frederick V. Lawrence, Jr. and Macy W. Lawrence*

### Introduction

*by Frederick V. Lawrence, Jr.*

My father's reminiscences reproduced here were handwritten in his last years. He had been born April 30, 1908 in Pocasset, MA. He died in 1991 when he was 83. Macy Wright Lawrence, my brother, transcribed them and put together a draft of a really nice book in the year after his death. Macy became ill before the book was finished; so since the time of Dad's death until 2006 we didn't do anything with the manuscript. I have retyped the stories from Macy's manuscript, only one copy of which still survives, and incorporated scores of photos from our families that Macy has collected and digitized. Except as noted all images are our family photos or from Mr. Butler.

The stories capture the reality our family experienced in Falmouth during my father's childhood, adolescence, and early adulthood (1909 to 1936). My early childhood memories dovetail with Dad's because Macy and I began life in Woods Hole and lived next door to our grandparents and were a part of Grandpa Lawrence's farm. Later on in 1946 when we moved to the Moors, my brother and I were handed off each weekend to the grandparents in Woods Hole, so that most of our youth was an extension of Dad's world described in what follows.



Sidney Lawrence farm (right) and homes (far left) ca. 1951. The neighboring home of Wallace Butler is in the center foreground. The Harbor Hill development is below and to the left of the water tower. Buzzards Bay is at the top of this aerial photograph.

That world ended when Grandpa, Sidney W. Lawrence, passed away in 1965. His compound at the foot of Harbor Hill Road, now called Winding Lane, was sold to the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution.



Our house in the Moors, the former Brooks house. Grandpa poured the foundation, I'm told. We moved there in 1946.



FVL, Macy and FVL, Jr. in the Moors ca. 1956.

Finally, in about 1972, my old friend and mentor Mr. Wallace K. Butler died; his abutting land was then subdivided and developed.

I used to cut all the lawns for Grandmother, so I can visualize each house and structure in the compound very well. In addition to my grandparents' house, there were seven other rental houses, a greenhouse, a shop, a four-stall garage for tractors and trucks, five hen houses, and a house "way down back" for the farm hands. The farm itself was on the other side of Nobska Road, and the Lawrence Farm Road now meanders through it. Harbor Hill was bought from the Fays, I believe, and developed by Dad and his father, Sidney, after 1944. The names of the roads in the Harbor Hill development were made up by Sidney, I think. In any case, they reflect his outlook and farming practices: Standpipe Hill Road, Strawberry Hill Road, Carrot Hill Road, Fern Lane, Cow Bell Lane and, finally, Sidney Street.

My first encounter with Germans occurred after the hurricane of 1944 when prisoner-of-war work details cut blowdowns under armed guard near what is now Sidney St. on Harbor Hill. My grandmother warned me, "Don't you go over there! Those are Germans! They're dangerous!" Now in 2006 in Urbana, my good wife Rosemarie and many of my very best friends in Urbana are Germans. Strange how things work out....

Dad's stories are hard to describe. They don't add too much to our historical knowledge; indeed many of his assertions are a bit off or misremembered. One does get a feeling of a vital, more or less normal, handsome boy from Woods Hole. Dad shares events which transform him from a sensitive lad into being a real Beau Brummell for a time, and finally into a rough-and-ready contractor in the style of John Wayne.

The stories often seem tinged with sadness at the way the world is or was; and they possibly are meant as an explanation, partial justification, and apology for the attitudes he was forced (or chose) to adopt. The love and friendship of several important persons are touchingly remembered. I didn't know his grandfather, Augustus Wright, but his daughter, Edith Wright (Auntie), was my dear great aunt and second mother and, of course, Dad's sweet aunt.

I have entitled the collection "Reflections of a Woods Hole Boy." The surreal photo of Dad on the cover of *Spritsail* was always on my grandmother's dresser. I use it to warn the reader that Dad's reminiscences are pure "boy" – there is a strong emphasis on engineering detail, delicious food, fast cars and pretty girls.

I have made occasional editorial changes and additions most of which are indicated by brackets [ ].

Our knowledge of our Lawrence family's history was remarkably foggy. We reckoned that we were descended from a Peleg Lawrence, but everything else earlier than Sidney was somewhat confused. My family was more wrapped up in the "here and now" than in the past. Perhaps this is as it should be; but, in any case, my intent here is to present an accurate record of our family's past.



Auntie Edith Wright, Grandpa Sidney and Grandma Josephine on Grandpa's 80th birthday, April 1961.

FVL, Jr. (2006) Urbana, IL



FVL as a child.



FVL as a youth.



FVL at Mr. Wallace Butler's house as a teenager.



FVL college age (ca. 1930).



FVL as a mature contractor and county commissioner (ca. 1960).



FVL in his last days at his cabin in West Woodstock, VT (ca. 1990).

## Foreword

*by Frederick V. Lawrence*

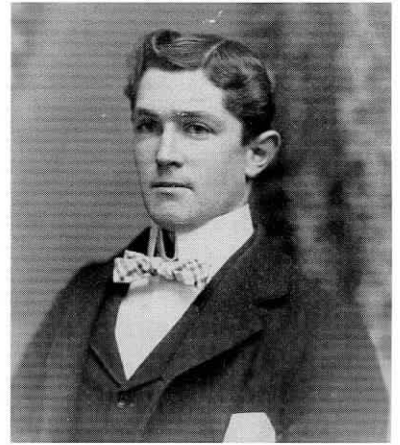
When I was growing up, it seems like I didn't pay too much attention to what was going on around me. As a child and immersed in daily family life, it was difficult to gain a perspective and to understand the significance of things that happened. And now in 1990 at the ripe old age of 82 years, I have been "dredging" my memory during many restless nights and have started to write down some of the things that I remember so that those experiences would not

be lost to family members and friends that might be interested in what happened back in my early "growing-up" period.

*FVL Naples, FL 1990*

## Our Family

There is, of course, a considerable amount of information about the Lawrences and their relationship with the Town of Falmouth. Any old map will show that there were miles of them stretching through Teaticket and Falmouth. One in particular, my great great grandfather Shubal Lawrence (Jr.), amassed considerable wealth in the textile industry and in his later years



Sidney W. Lawrence.

endowed the old Lawrence Academy and the East End Meeting House in Hatchville. [FVL is not entirely right about this. Shubal, Jr. (1797-1841) was a distant cousin of Dad's who died without heirs and left the funds in his will.]

There were some things told to me by my father, Sidney, and there were some things that I heard from others. For instance, my father, and some of you may remember him, Sidney Lawrence, first lived and worked in the large Solomon Lawrence dairy farm in Teaticket. Solomon had died when Sidney was quite young leaving behind a wife and six children. Being the oldest offspring, he and his mother Mary



EAST END MEETING HOUSE, HATCHVILLE, MASS.

PHOTO BY CHARLES E. WHEELER

East End Meeting House.



Abbie Childs Lawrence (of Centerville, known as Abbie) ran the farm. In addition to growing crops, they made their living by raising cows and selling the milk locally. Sidney said they used to pasture many cattle all summer on the northerly forest and pasture at the end of Long Pond in Falmouth, later the town reservoir. In the fall they would then round up their cattle on horseback and drive them back to the Teaticket barns for the winter.

At the time when Abbie Lawrence was forced to take over the management of the dairy farm business, she had two exceptionally fine dairy keepers of Portuguese extraction working for her, brothers Louie and Frank Rabesa.

I remember as a small child seeing my grandmother on her deathbed. What impressed me the most at the time was that she had one of the first bathrooms in town. In the bathroom was a large tin bathtub with mahogany trim; this was very impressive in that all I had ever seen was the laundry set tub full

of hot water for Saturday night baths.

With the death of his father, Sidney was forced to go to work and never got beyond the seventh grade. Nevertheless, he could handle figures better and faster than



Mary Abbie Childs Lawrence.

I could with my engineering slide rule. Through hard work and perseverance, Sidney helped his three younger brothers and two sisters through college, which was no small feat in those days. Later, after Sidney and my mother were married, they lived on the third floor of the old farmhouse. The farm itself has long since disappeared like so many others in the area. But the house still stands, although its third story has been removed. It is currently the Falmouth walk-in clinic in Teaticket across from the old Teaticket elementary school which is now the School Administration Building.



Lawrence homestead in Woods Hole. Mr. Butler's home next door was nearly identical to this one, but the arrangement of the porches and back door as well as the proximity to the road indicate that this is the Lawrence home.

After the Teaticket farm was sold, Sidney bought one of the Davis houses on the main road entering Woods Hole. Davis also built a similar house next door on the shore road to Falmouth [Nobska Road]. This house was sold to Wallace K. Butler, who lived formerly at the Daniel Butler place on Juniper Point, which is now the Crane estate. He

became a good neighbor and friend for many years. Many times, in the evenings when I should have been doing my school studies, I would go over to Mr. Butler's house and play cards with Mr. Butler, Miss McKean, his housekeeper originally from the Daniel Butler estate, and with Mrs. Roundy, another old family retainer.

There are several things that I remember hearing about that happened early in Sidney's career. Sidney said that in his younger days he used to attend church at the "Old Congo" Church on the Falmouth Green. However, in order to save his Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes, he walked barefoot all the way from Teaticket, putting his shoes on when he reached the church.

Some years later when I went with a most attractive blonde named Catherine Clapp who was a descendant of the well-known Swift family of Falmouth, her mother, Mrs. Clapp, told me that one time she saw young Sidney have an accident when he was delivering milk from Solomon Lawrence's farm in Teaticket. His horse got away from him as he was rounding Watson's Corner in a hurry to get to Woods Hole. His milk cart tipped over in front of the old Swift place. She said that Sidney had milk all over the place. Speaking of Mrs. Clapp, it was always nice when she "banked" the parlor stove for the night and went to bed so that I could be alone with her beautiful and lovely blonde daughter. It seemed like Mr. Clapp was never around. He spent much of his time in Hawaii working as a secretary for the renowned Bishop family.

Not to change the subject, but in mentioning the Swift family I am reminded of the fact that there was one of the elders of that family who lived on the

Falmouth Green. I was told that he once owned the shipbuilding yard in Woods Hole (at the time called Woods Holl). Sidney said that his father used to be the boss ship builder at the yard, which stood where Liberty Hall now stands [now called Community Hall]. Many fine whaling vessels were built there. Most of them met with an unfortunate end when they were part of the ill-fated whaling fleet that was caught up in the Arctic ice and crushed. The last of these whaling ships from the Swift yard rotted away with some others in New Bedford. Sidney said that the figurehead below the bowsprit of the *Commodore Morris* is in a museum at Newport News, Virginia.



Catherine Clapp.

Speaking of Liberty Hall, I recall that the ladies of Woods Hole held a reception for the local bonus men returning from Europe following WWI. The ladies baked a lot of homemade pies to give to the soldiers. The pie fight that followed was the main topic of discussion around the village for some time. Later, I used to play the violin in a dance band at Liberty Hall with a blind fellow, Carl Lillie, at the piano. When he had located middle C he was off and running with "Robin Red Breast" and a few other lively tunes.

There was also an excellent saxophone player in the band by the name of Monroe Morley.

### Sidney's New Store, Delivery Service and Farming Business

When I was a kid, my father bought a store from Captain Isaiah Spindel and conducted a fruit and vegetable business. The store was located on the Eel Pond in Woods Hole across from what was then the Penzance Garage and Sidney Peck's carpenter shop and now belongs to the Woods Hole Oceanographic



Whaler *Commodore Morris* from a painting by Eugenia Lawrence. (Wife of FVL, b. Eugenia Macy White.)

Institution. I believe the store is now N. E. Tsiknas Store managed by Louie Hatzikon on Water Street. From this store, Sidney ran a fleet of horse-drawn double-decker produce wagons that delivered fruit and vegetables throughout the village for many years.

During the summer, the wagons were driven by college students who were not always familiar with the route round about Woods Hole. One time I was riding with one to show him the route. We were traveling along at a pretty good clip near Fay Road when the driver suddenly took a narrow dirt road down under the very low railroad bridge. We both foresaw the inevitable and jumped just in time to see the whole top deck get smashed and the produce tossed everywhere.

One time, late in the fall when my father closed the store for the winter, I opened up the store to my young kid boy friends. They went crazy helping themselves to everything and made a terrible mess of the produce still in the store. That taught me, right

then and there, that generosity to immature kids could be a disaster.

Later, Sidney added several long-wheelbase delivery trucks that enabled him to sell produce as far away as North Falmouth. In addition to the delivery trucks, he had the fruit and vegetable concession in the store of Simon Hamblin in Falmouth which was later called Ten Acre and run by Ermine and Hollis Lovell.

With the resulting increase in his business, Sidney bought the Walsh Rose Garden on Shore Road [Nobska Road] where he grew some of the finest vegetables around. The "Rose Garden" formerly belonged to the Walsh family who were internationally known rose horticulturists.

At the same time, he purchased a tract of land where Hilton Avenue is now for more garden area and a new pigsty. Sidney built his largest pigsty in the area known as Cherry Valley to the Woods Hole natives. However, all the trees above the sties were peach trees. We kids used to delight in riding some of those old 200-pound sows only to be knocked off by the low



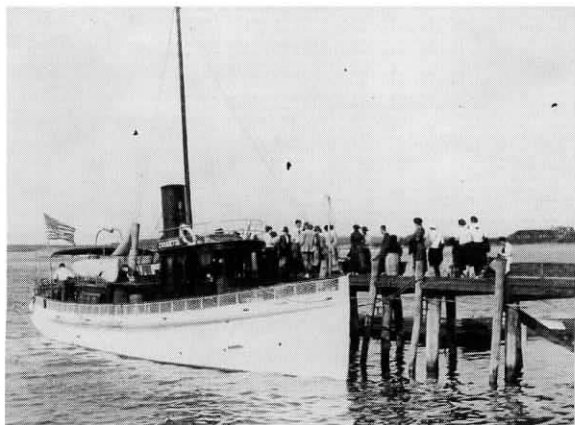
*Commodore Morris*' last days in New Bedford. (From the internet.)



branches of the fruit trees. My father and I used to collect the garbage from the MBL mess hall to feed the pigs.

Fortunately – or unfortunately – the piggery business met with a sudden demise. My mother did not particularly like the “scent” of the pig pen from down back and below the floor of the big horse barn near our house. One spring day when the “scents” were rather ripe all around, there was an abrupt and final end to “Operation Pig.” It happened early one morning in our big kitchen. Standing tall next to the old Crawford range was a huge, brightly shined copper water heater with china stacked on top. All at once, father and I saw teacups and saucers flying off that copper boiler towards us. Mother had exploded! Without a second look, we both made a dash for the out-of-doors.

In a way, I was glad to see the end of lifting those heavy garbage cans from the MBL mess hall. However, I never could forget the look of contentment on a pig buried in a pile of steaming horse manure on a cold winter’s day. To think that we used to slaughter those pigs for winter food!



MBL Steamer *Cayadetta*. Courtesy MBL.



Captain Isaiah Spindel. Courtesy WHHC.

### Childhood of Frederick V. Lawrence

Being around the Woods Hole store made it possible for me to spend a great deal of time around the Eel Pond and the MBL where on any day that I could make it I was welcomed to take a ride aboard the *Cayadetta* with students and scientists collecting marine specimens along the Elizabeth Islands. I particularly enjoyed it when the trip was to Tarpaulin Cove with its lovely sandy beach. I realize now that it was through the kindness and thoughtfulness of Captain John Veeder and Joe Armstrong, the engineer, that I was allowed aboard. What impressed me most was how the multi-expansion steam engine drove the *Cayadetta* so quietly through the water.

*Now, John Veeder is the Captain of the Cayadetta,  
The staunchest little craft that ever was afloat,  
When any of the classes want to go out to sea,  
The Lord and Capt. Veeder on the weather must  
agree.*

For several summers, I attended the Woods Hole School of Science, which was held in the old Woods Hole School. The summer program piqued my interest and curiosity in chasing and collecting butterflies and making framed collages. That intensified my interest in the MBL's *Cayadetta* field trips. Along with my trips aboard the *Cayadetta* occasionally I would undertake some collecting on my own and bring my "treasures" to a fine gentleman named George Gray, the specimen custodian, and present him with such things as frogs, snakes, etc. Even the "et ceteras" were always pleasantly accepted.

I do think that the children who attended the Science School were somewhat advanced in their years for at that time we were making both gunpowder and alcohol. In later years, I used gunpowder to blow out all the stumps in the Woods Hole ball field behind St. Joseph Church. I am still using alcohol – of a different consistency – of course.

My informal education started early when Father tried to make a farmer out of me. He tried to get me interested in the poultry business. He started me out by giving me a flock of chickens to raise. All went well until one cold winter's night when they all froze to death. Later



FVL in a rocking chair.

he gave me a parcel of land on which I was supposed to grow Hubbard squash. When only one-half of the garden came up with squash plants, my father soon discovered what I had been up to. Needless to say, when you don't put the seeds into the ground, the squash doesn't grow very well. I caught you-know-what for not planting the other half. I was made to plant the other half. All of the squashes eventually grew to the same size and Sidney sold a "bumper crop" of squash to the military during World War I.



Captain John Veeder. Courtesy MBL.

At that time on a Cape Cod farm, there was always the annual task of picking strawberries for 10 cents a box. This job was probably my only forte, and as a kid, more went into my mouth than went into the basket. More often than not, the only reward for my picking efforts was usually a good case of hives all over my body.

At one time, Sidney sold and delivered a lot of stove wood and kindling. He and the Portuguese men he had hired would cut wood in his Mashpee forest holdings. (A man's worth in those days seemed to be measured in cords of wood he could cut and stack in one day.) Once I remember going with Dad to the wood lot and catching a fellow stealing our wood.

We followed him back to his home where he had a lot of our wood piled up. Father and I went to court about same, and the judge made the offender bring every stick back to our yard. Back and forth, day after day, wood was delivered and stockpiled in our yard. This incident drove home the point that theft doesn't pay in the long run.

Another lesson in the art of self-preservation was learned when Sidney wanted me to clean up the back yard, way down the hill by the railroad tracks. There were some old wagon carts and even a fancy buggy called a barouche. He had me burn all of these up. (Today some of them would have been sold for antiques.) In order to move one wagon not connected to its front wheel and axle, I tried to lift the wagon and to move it onto the front part. I got in real trouble when I did this. I lost my balance



Wallace K. Butler and his father Daniel Butler in their home on Butler's [Juniper] Point, Woods Hole. Our neighbor Wallace K. Butler who regulated the mechanism for ringing the bells in the Bell Tower by the Mary Garden, used to say that his father, Daniel Butler, attributed his longevity to the daily use of "Duff's Pure Malt Whisky."

while lifting and became pinned down with both legs caught between the front wheels and the rest of the wagon. The pain from the weight of the wagon was fierce. Since there was no one around to help, hollering for help did no good. So it was up to me to get myself out of this situation. Finally leaning over backwards and digging until my hands were raw, I recovered enough large stones to balance the front axle and the body of the wagon. After getting the last stone wedged into position, I lifted with one arm and shoulder and was finally able to free my legs. This was another lesson showing me that one must rely on one's self.

As a kid, I used to love to ride my bicycle. One day down in Woods Hole village I fell off the bicycle. I sat on the roadside howling in pain. Sidney came along in his Dodge coupe, stopped the car, leaned out the window and looked at me. Then he drove off. This made me madder than hell to think he refused to show some sympathy and help me. From that lesson, he taught me to "look out for Freddie."

There were a few other matters that seemed to stick in my "crop" about my father. I still have his jack knife that he used to kill chickens with, although the pen blade is gone on same. He used to stick the knife down their throats and hang them upside down to bleed to death. Being somewhat sensitive at an early age, I thought this seemed a very sad way that chickens were prepared to be eaten. But then, when I saw old Prince Stewart of Woods Hole lay several chickens at one time on a chopping block, swing and miss, cutting off only one half of their heads, I thought this was an even more cruel disaster – seeing those chickens flopping on the ground partially headless.



*S.V. Nobska* landing in Woods Hole. Always a thrilling event.

### Village of Woods Hole

Perhaps I should digress a little and describe the small village that nurtured and tempered all of our existences. Cradled within the elbow of a little spit of land, the village of Woods Hole seemed as if the ocean bound it on all sides. A sleepy little town where the icy winds of winter would come at you from every quarter known for foul weather, cutting activities in the town to bare necessities. With the advent of spring, the town would shake off the blows of winter and start to blossom. Local industry would come out of hibernation. The resident fishing fleet would set sail from Sam Cahoon's as if to make room for the yachts that would follow. Woods Hole was truly a resort community in its own right. As the terminus of a rail line from New York and Boston and the major port of embarkation for seasonal visitors to Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, for several months the town would be popping at the seams.

A triangle of land created by the junction of three roads formed a center of industry that one could

throw a stone across. At the top of the hill at the fork of Depot and Main [Water] stood the Post Office. In about 1920 when I was 12 years of age, one of my first jobs in Woods Hole was working for the Post Master Benjamin R. Gifford. My job was to keep the Post Office clean and to deliver special delivery letters. Benny Gifford was a fine man to work for. He would often share one half of his Baker's chocolate bar with me. He knew and could quote every postal regulation verbatim without looking them up. Summer or winter he would always wear his sweater and his coat never taking either of them off, even in the hottest weather.

There were two letter sorters who worked with Mr. Gifford: Mercedes Wild and Thelma Norton. Mercedes' father ran the Buoy yard and I think that Thelma's father was Brian Norton, a carpenter or builder. It was always fascinating to watch them sort the mail, for they could flick a letter through the air and make it land in the right mail slot.

Next to the Post Office on Main [Water] Street was George Look's grocery store, which was of particular interest to me because George had a good looking daughter named Betty Look. Beyond



Sidney in Woods Hole.

Look's store was Howe's meat market, followed by the Congregational Church, which didn't seem to get much use. Finally, on the corner of Main and the street that went by the telegraph office [Luscombe Avenue] stood the Hotel Avery. Elmer Avery was the conductor on the Boston train, while his wife Nellie ran the hotel. Nellie used to keep a parrot in a cage outside on the hotel piazza. Heads would spin, as the parrot would swear outrageously at anyone who walked by.

On the other side of the Post Office, heading down toward the railroad station [on Railroad Avenue] was the office building of the former state senator Walter O. Luscombe. Mr. Luscombe was often seen driving about the village in a horse and wicker carriage. He would tend to his real estate interests and his coal dock, which was located where the WHOI parking lot is now. Beyond Luscombe's office there was a garage, which had been the outgrowth of an old stable, which had had different owners. Two I recall were Lou Studley and Hoyt Savery.

Next came Eaton's on the street corner by the depot. Mr. Eaton had an ice cream store. Across from Eaton's was Sam Cahoon's Fish Market. Sammy was well known and well liked by everyone. He spent most of his time selling fish to the city markets. Seems

to me that I can still hear him say, "Right-EE!" or "Right-O" over the phone. Both Sam and Prince Crowell were experts in racing sailboats.

Every afternoon after attending grammar school in Woods Hole village, I would go visit my aunt at the telegraph office located across the street [Luscombe Avenue] from the Hotel Avery on the Great Harbor waterfront. In seeing Auntie, I was given a nickel to buy an ice cream cone at Eaton's store on Depot Square. In those days that was a real treat to look forward to.

My formal education began by going to a kindergarten school run by Mrs. Andrews next door to



Early Woods Hole Village looking west toward Buzzards Bay. Eel Pond is on the right with Mill Pond beyond. In the lower center is "the triangle of land created by the junction of three roads" as described by FVL. The railroad passes below the left side of the triangle to end at the Steamship dock in the left foreground. Walter Luscombe's coal dock is beyond the steamship dock. Fishing boats unloaded their cargoes at Sam Cahoon's fish market on the waterfront between the two docks. Across the Eel Pond bridge from Luscombe's coal dock is the Penzance Garage with its four skylights.



Auntie's office. A person I met in kindergarten was a kid named Robert Leatherbee who as it turned out became a lifelong friend. Bob Leatherbee had two brothers, Charlie and Richard. Later on all their names were changed to Crane. Their grandfather, Charles Crane, was the Crane of Crane Plumbing and was the former ambassador to China. Bob's brother Charlie later formed "The University Players" over at Old Silver Beach. As kids, he would have me over to his parents' house on Juniper Point, dressed up in cardboard armor performing King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table on his front lawn.



FVL.

I would swim with them over at their bathing beach at his grandfather's place on Crane's [Juniper] Point. One time while swimming, I nearly drowned, but was rescued by Mrs. Bradley who lived out on the point. She reached in and pulled me out by my hair.

At the time I wasn't sure which was worse, death by drowning or from the embarrassment of being pulled out by my hair. (In later years, Bob Crane and I, together with my wife Genie, would rent a house in St. Thomas, VI for winter vacations. We all had a great time there.)

While in kindergarten, it did not escape my attention that Mrs. Andrews had a lovely daughter named Anna. Anna seemed to improve my desire for further

education considerably, and as a result I went on to become a student at the great institution on School Street: the Woods Hole grammar school.

Finally, in writing about my early school days, I want to say I met a short, plump chap in grammar school who is still a very good and dear friend of mine [Charles Newcomb Savery]. Now in retirement here in Naples [FL], we have lunch together once every week.

### The Ice Business

One of my earliest recollections concerned father's ice business. My father stored ice in an icehouse that was located on the north side of our Woods Hole homestead. Our yard was such a busy place what with breaking out cakes of ice, washing off the wood-chip insulation and loading the cakes into the ice wagon. In another area, cordwood was being sawed through the use of an ancient "make and break" style gas engine with two big fly wheels and a flat belt driving the cordwood saw with one man feeding the cordwood and another operating the saw carriage. In another area, horses would be harnessed with shining brass-studded harnesses. Sometimes they would leave a train of horse manure in the yard with swarms of English sparrows descending on the piles for "lunch." There certainly was a lot to hold a young fellow's interest in both sights and the smell.

Ice harvesting in early times was done by my father at Miles Pond off Sippewissett Road in Quissett. However, to supply Woods Hole, he needed a bigger operation and a larger field of ice to cut. As it was, when the ice was not thick enough, Sidney would flood the top of the pond ice to make it freeze thicker. Later on, as the need for more ice grew, my father built three huge icehouses on the north side of Weeks Pond, next to Lakeview Avenue. These icehouses

could hold enough ice for two years, so that if one year was a mild, open winter, there was enough ice for the second year's use.

It's a wonder that ice could hold for that long, but most of it did. The reason for this was that the three-story icehouse walls were 12 inches thick. The walls were constructed out of one inch rough-sawed pecky cypress boarding on

both the interior and exterior sides, with the middle core filled with wood chips. Even though the swamp cypress was full of holes from marine borers; nevertheless, these boards were a good keeper under the wet, damp conditions of the icehouse. In those days, this lumber was relatively inexpensive. Today pecky cypress is a costly wood and used mostly as a decorative interior wall finish material.

The filling of these large icehouses in the winter took days and nights of continuous operation. Any warm weather, especially rain, could cause the ice to melt on the pond. Even with all the mechanized ice harvesting saws, the endless power-driven chain conveyors and lots of man power, not much could be done with the pond unless it was completely frozen. When the ice went soft, my parents sometimes found it necessary to supplement their icehouses with ice shipped by railroad from the Boston Ice Company.

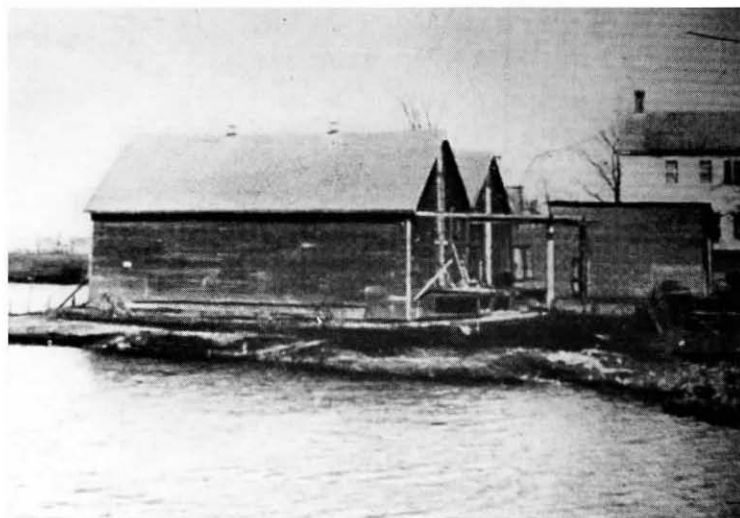


Nobska Point with Fay icehouse overlooking Nobska Pond. Fay water tower in left background, Fay farmhouse behind icehouse; Nobska Lighthouse, fog horn and bell to the right. Photo perhaps taken from Glidden Tower, ca. 1899. Courtesy WHHC.

The Boston Ice Co. had its harvesting ponds away from the seacoast where the winters were colder.

With regard to the various pieces of ice machinery, Sidney was one of those know-how-to-make-do-with-almost-anything Cape Codders, and most of it was homemade. For power to drive the ice chain conveyor system, he bought, moved, and erected a shed by the pond. This was to house a huge, old eight-foot double-flywheel horizontal gas engine that came from the town-owned electric light plant, which was located at the foot of Scranton Avenue. Sidney's helpers installed all of the wooden conveyor chutes used to transport ice up from the pond. They were made out of oak and long-leaf pine, mostly bolted together to withstand the shock of the ice and wear from the continuous-chain ice conveyor.

At that time, the ice-cutting machinery was a rather ingenious, Yankee-make-do contraption. It had two rotary ice saws mounted on a truck rear end and



Falmouth Ice Company sheds behind the cove of Shivericks Pond. Courtesy Falmouth Historical Society.

driven by a Hudson car engine. Arthur Cushman of the Hudson-Essex garage put this contraption together with his helper John Harlow. This whole setup was mounted on skids with iron runners so that it could be pulled easily over the ice pond, cutting the ice into cakes.

Originally, all of the ice cutting was done with a horse-drawn, multi-chiseled, sharp-toothed plow, set to a depth that the ice could be broken free from the field by either a five-foot one-man saw or a wedge.

When Sidney was getting along in years, we discussed giving the old icehouse land on Lakeview Avenue to the town which was then contemplating building a new high school.

I had a co-worker, Lenny Ellis, when I was working in the ice business. Although I was

six feet tall, he towered over me. He was quite a character. He was always good-natured and could handle ice with super-human strength. However, as the saying goes, it was the ice that bothered him when it was combined with rum. On Monday mornings, he would still be sleeping off his weekend binge, and I would have to go to his house nearby and holler and raise hell to get him to come to work.

Lenny never lingered while delivering ice to any house, although I wished he would when it came to making deliveries to the big estates on Penzance Point where there were lots of pretty, young Irish colleens or beautiful Swedish

maidens.

There were some interesting times during my tenure with the Woods Hole Ice Co. Before the days when Pullman cars had all electric air conditioning, Lenny and I would deliver ice to the railroad. The Pullman cars were cooled in the summer by placing blocks of ice in chests underneath the car. Air circulating across the ice and into the car would keep the tem-



The new Lawrence High School in 1953. F.V. Lawrence roller in foreground. Sidney gave the land on Lakeview Avenue which was the former site of his icehouses.

perature inside bearable. The passenger traffic from the steamboat landing at the railroad wharf from both Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Islands was especially heavy on a Sunday afternoon. I usually serviced the New York and the Boston Pullman trains of about three cars each. There was a brakeman for the railroad named "Rube," who was the overseer for the icing operation. On Sunday, he could be a bit more inebriated than usual. As was customary, all the honeycombed ice left in the icebox from the previous run to Woods Hole was taken out of the icebox and thrown away on the tracks under the train.

One particular Sunday afternoon, a gentleman came along and watched this maneuver and asked, "You aren't going to throw that ice away?" To this Rube replied, "What the hell is it to you?" Nothing further was said, and the gentleman walked away. The next day when I arrived at the station, all the train crew was lined up on the platform and some big-shot rail-

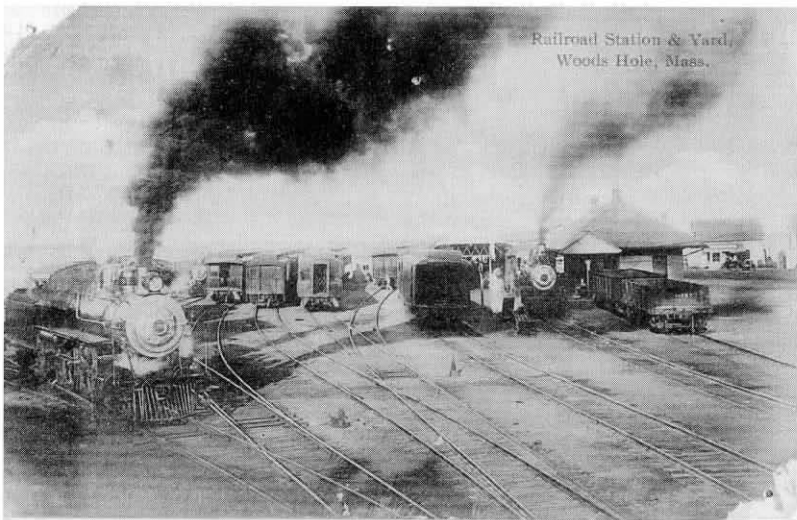


"Where we cut ice" on Wanamaker Lake, East Northfield, Mass., 1906. From the postcard collection of Philip Stanton. Courtesy WHHC.

road official was dressing them down aplenty. Poor Rube, he really was a good guy, but he got fired on the spot. Nothing was ever said to me, but to this day I hesitate to throw an ice cube down the sink!

In the process of picking out and cutting cakes of ice all day, you get to know the various sizes of iceboxes along with the size of the piece of ice that will fit into the box. So, if you knew your business, a charge could

be made without actually putting the ice on the scale. As the delivery day wore on, the ice seemed to get heavier. Therefore, I would not go through the extra lift to get the actual weight, since customers were always charged the same according to the size of their ice chest. One day, I was making a delivery to Newcomb Carlton's estate overlooking Nobska Beach. At that time, Mr. Carlton was president of the Western Union Company and my Aunt Edith Wright's boss. [See "A Stroll Through Woods Hole in the Twenties" by Winslow Carlton in *The Book of Falmouth*.]



Woods Hole Train Station. Courtesy WHHC.

Newcomb Carlton caught me going to the kitchen without using the scales. "Just a minute, young man!" he said. "How much did you charge me for that ice in your book?" I said, "sixty-five pounds." He said, "Put it on your scales." I did and it was sixty-five pounds. Nothing more was said.

Some of the commercial chests were particularly hard to ice. Howe's Meat market was one of them. The icebox was located four feet up on a wall at the back end of the store next to George Look's grocery store. Since I never wore a rubber apron, in filling Howe's ice chest I would get all wet with the cold melting ice while pushing the ice in with my chest and stomach. One day as a result of handling the ice in this manner, I caught pleurisy. And so, you have once to learn the hard way. As the Irishman said to his son to convince him of the necessity for drinking, "Oh, the pain...oh, the pain!" All I can say is that my pain resulting from the illness was very real and not my imagination.

Fate is sometimes with you. Once, while backing up my ice truck with a load of ice in the yard at Woods Hole, the spindle holding the left front wheel broke off the axle, tipping the front end of the truck onto the ground. Fortunately, my load didn't shift and the truck remained upright. In retrospect, I made out better than my father did in the milk cart episode.

Later, Sidney sold his fruit and vegetable store. As I remember it, the wealthy folks on Penzance Point and Naushon Island paid their bills only once a year, so he got out of the store business and went into the contracting business. He was better suited for this business since along with the farming, pig, firewood and ice business, he had many shoveling jobs that he did with three pairs of horses and dump carts. The ice delivery business required keeping a supply of horses in the barn, usually consisting of several work horses and two pair of heavier Percheron horses. The singles were used for ice wagon work or for regular type wagons and the heavy pairs were used on the tipcarts for moving cordwood and earth materials.

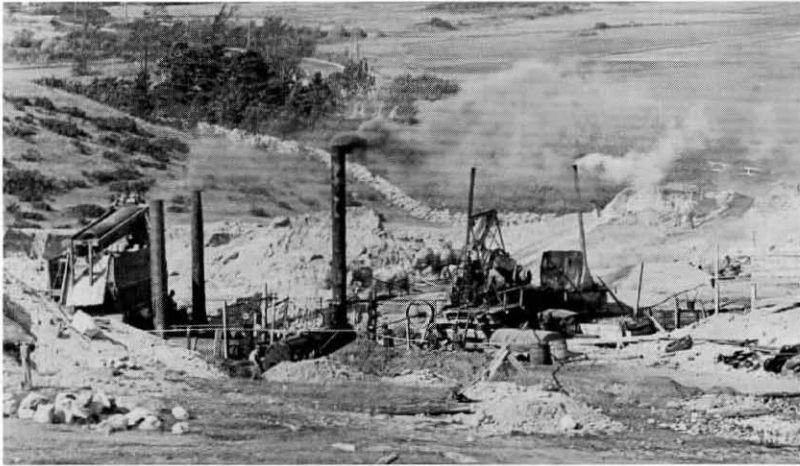


Number 1 truck, Lawrence Construction Company.

In order to take care of and run this carting operation, Sidney regularly employed three teamsters: Tony Garcia, a Portuguese man who lived on the place in a house provided by Sidney, and the other two, Scotty Densmore and Captain Eldredge, who were both from Woods Hole village. Once in a while, one of those horses would break

loose from the stall. The big Percheron draft horses could kick their stalls to pieces and as soon as they escaped, they would make tracks for the grain chest. They would lift the lid up part way, and it would then come down with a bang in the middle of the night. I would jump right out of bed.





Asphalt plant on Gifford St. Note draft horses in the center.

On our farm, old worn-out horses were killed and buried right on the premises. Later on in time, of course, they had factory-processing value. Sidney used to have a huge hole dug, large enough for the horse. Then he would line up the horse with a grain sack over its head right beside the grave. Then with a double-barreled 12 gauge shot gun, he would shoot the horse hoping it would fall into its grave. The horses always had the last laugh on Sidney: inevitably, they fell in the wrong direction.

Finally the horses went with the times and were replaced with trucks and a gasoline-powered digging crane. It was about the time Sidney dug the foundation for the brick MBL building Crane wing. As I recall, the crane dug down to quicksand and mud. From there, the George A. Fuller Company took over with piles and concrete for a watertight cellar.

### **Sidney W. Lawrence, Contractor**

Later on Sidney ran for the job as head of the town highway surveyor department, which he won. After several years, he fell out of favor because he worked his town help too hard. They preferred the former

highway boss under whom life was easier, so the former fellow won out. I remember at the time being at the parish hall of the Episcopal church in Falmouth taking dancing lessons that my mother wanted me to take, when I heard the news of my father's defeat in public office. It hurt me considerably, because I knew my father had tried real hard and done very well by the town. Unfortunately, from that early age and for years, I harbored resentment toward his so-called political friends, many of whom were members of his Masonic Lodge.

With the loss of his town job, Sidney got started in the general contracting business in a big way. At one time, he had the large state road contract beginning at the east end of Falmouth center to the Mashpee rotary, nine miles long.

During the summer I worked for my Dad as foreman of the steam shovel gang, doing all the digging, filling and grading for this highway. While so



Elmer Lawrence (Sidney's younger brother) with a level.



Eugenia White in Waquoit.

doing, I ripped out a water main that went to my future wife's old Cape Cod summer home. After being called over to the place, I told them that the water line would be fixed right away. I was especially anxious to remedy the situation because the young man who called me over to his parents' summer

home was Clifton B. White, Jr., a fine fellow who, like myself, was also a student at the Moses Brown School in Providence, RI. However, what really stimulated my concern and my interest was the beautiful looking young maiden working in the kitchen. Soon, Clifton was working with me on the road gang, which gave me entrée into his home and the opportunity to see that maiden again, whom I soon found out was Cliff's sister, Eugenia. That was the beginning of a great romantic story that was the most wonderful chapter of my life and is as yet to be written.

### Frederick V. Lawrence To The Rescue

Times were really tough in 1933 when I graduated from the University of Maryland. Although many Ph.D.s didn't have jobs to go to, my Dad had work for me. However, when I arrived home full of ambition to go to work with my father,

I was intercepted by the sheriff and served with a \$100,000 attachment, a result of my father's losses in the contracting business during the Depression.

Beginning one's chosen profession \$100,000 "behind the 8 ball" in those times left a lot to be desired. My father was still working hard and struggling along. His strength and perseverance only encouraged my determination to work for him and to help straighten out the family finances. Later, because of its financial and legal problems, it became apparent that it would be of no use attempting to resurrect the Sidney Lawrence Co.

Under these circumstances, it made more sense to form another company, the Frederick V. Lawrence, Inc. With the use of Dad's heavy contracting equipment, I was able to get started in my own business. I was still heavily reliant on having my father be in charge. This arrangement went along very well for

some time until my father had a heart attack, which changed the situation overnight. From that point on, I was forced to be completely on my own.

Sidney had a terrible heart attack at home. He summoned me to take notes on what he wanted to be done as senior warden to complete The



Eugenia and FVL on their honeymoon in Bermuda.

Church of the Messiah parish house. [Possibly a reference to the conversion of the old wooden church into the parish house.] It was very unnerving for me. Here he could die any moment but he was still telling me amongst much pain and suffering what he wanted me to have done if he died. Again, thank heavens, due to his determination and toughness, he pulled through this one; but it left me shook-up for some time.

Even with the \$100,000 setback, my father was a tremendous help in getting me started in business. When I made arrangements to settle his debts with the bonding company for state road construction which had been incurred by the Sidney Lawrence Co., Dad gave of his time, and business sense, along with all of his contracting equipment, without asking for any reimbursement. This kindness was an invaluable boost for me. Later I asked Sidney to do the negotiations to buy the land called the "Old Mushroom Plant" property adjoining my plant located on Gifford St. [Land now occupied by the Homeport development. See also "From Mushroom Factory to Homeport"

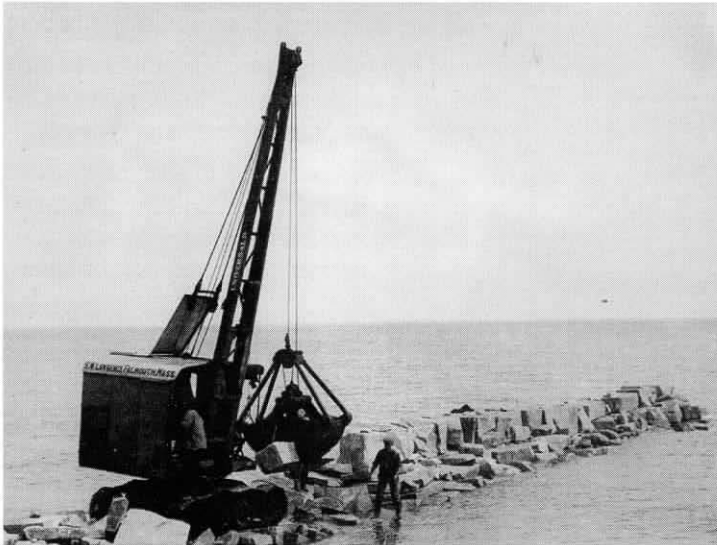
by Harry C. Richardson in *The Book of Falmouth*.] This time, he obligingly did so but charged me 5% of its value as a commission. He never lost his touch as a "Yankee Trader."



Sidney W. Lawrence.

Once, however, his Yankee shrewdness in selling real estate backfired. Father sold a large tract of land on Long Pond, the town source for drinking water, to a summer resident. He did not tell the buyer that the town would not let anyone use the pond for boating, etc. Sidney ended up in court over this, and when asked by the judge why he sold this property without informing the new owner that he couldn't use the pond for recreational purposes, he replied, "When you sell a man a horse, you don't tell him it has bad teeth." Needless to say, Sidney lost the case. This was fortunate for me because, later on, I was able to mine part of the property for material to process at my sand and gravel plant.

Sidney was a good citizen in the town. He became a member of the Finance Committee and for years he served on the town's Planning Board. He was also in charge of restoring ancient gravestones



S.W. Lawrence crane building a jetty.

in the cemeteries throughout the town. Since I had been appointed, at one time, to be chairman of the Town Economic Development Committee, my father and I had some lively discussions about the establishment of a commercial park in the town. At the time, Dad gave me one of his suggestions: "You talk it up real nice, maybe we will cut you a piece of the pie!" The Planning Board was supposed to plan. Actually, they had become more regulators of land usage, rather than looking for ways to increase the town's income. Today we do have a place in town for light industry.

Although Sidney's wife [my mother Josephine] and all of the women in the family didn't do much church going, Sidney became the senior warden of



The Church of the Messiah in Woods Hole.

The Church of the Messiah in Woods Hole. Among other duties, he used to take up the offering. Once, when I hadn't been to church for a long while, my conscience told me that I should make a liberal donation of \$20 to the offering plate. Of course my father, holding the plate, saw that I was being overly generous, and later he gave me "what for." I felt that he was being a little inconsistent in his piety.

Father Fisher was the first minister that I can remember. He lived in the house owned by Sidney Lawrence on the corner of Nobska Road and

the Woods Hole Road. Saddle and Sally Fisher, his sisters, took care of the rectory. The old rectory was where the present one now stands. The old one was originally a boys school. Saddle and Sally Fisher were also very prominent in organizing the Falmouth Nursing Association. In those early days, I played the violin at The Church of the Messiah evening service. Mr. Hall was the organist. Sometimes he would give me ten cents for playing. Mrs. Norris and Mrs. Chadwick gave strong support to the singing.

Later I was the treasurer of the church for two years. However, because Sunday was my only day off from work and because I had to keep books straight on three church accounts, I resigned after two years realizing I didn't want to die on the job like the former treasurer, Edward Swift did. Besides, he could write in a beautiful script that made me very envious. It's like hear-



FVL and his brother-in-law, Clifton B. White, Jr. in Waquoit.

ing a good musician play the violin; by comparison, your efforts didn't sound so good.

### Josephine Cushman Wright, Mother of Frederick V. Lawrence

Our family would gather together every evening at dinnertime. Around the table would be my mother, Josephine, my Aunt Edith Wright who left every weekend to look after her mother in Pocasset, my two sisters, Virginia and Margaret, who stayed until my mother thought they would be better off in private schools, and my father, Sidney, who always ate as much as a young, growing boy.



Josephine Lawrence.

He would always finish off the meal with two desserts and never gained an ounce of fat.

My grandmother, Anfinet Wright, and my mother were great cooks. However, how Josephine felt she was saving money by driving way over to New Bedford once a week for groceries was, for me, one of those great female mysteries. But putting aside where the food came from, there was never any lack of food at any meal on the table. Sometimes she forgot to put some dish on the table, but living on a farm, there was always more than plenty, anyway. Later, after I married and lived next door, came

the ultimate challenge for my new wife, Eugenia. We would regularly have Sunday dinner together in the main house. I might say now that Genie was very beautiful and tried to keep her figure that way also. So, when mother began to clear the plates away after all of us had eaten only to discover that Genie had left a lot on her plate, my mother would ask her, "What's wrong with it?" Genie died several deaths trying to explain.

Of course it came to pass that Genie became the best cook of them all. Nightly, she studied cookbooks and the family had quite a cookbook library. Besides, when I first saw Genie at Waquoit, she was in the kitchen cooking. Her Quaker grandmother, Mary Lamb, saw to that. In appreciation for the many meals we had enjoyed at my mother's table, Genie cooked my grandmother's lemon sponge pie and sent it next door to my mother. The next day, back came two pies. That was the beginning and the end of the competition.

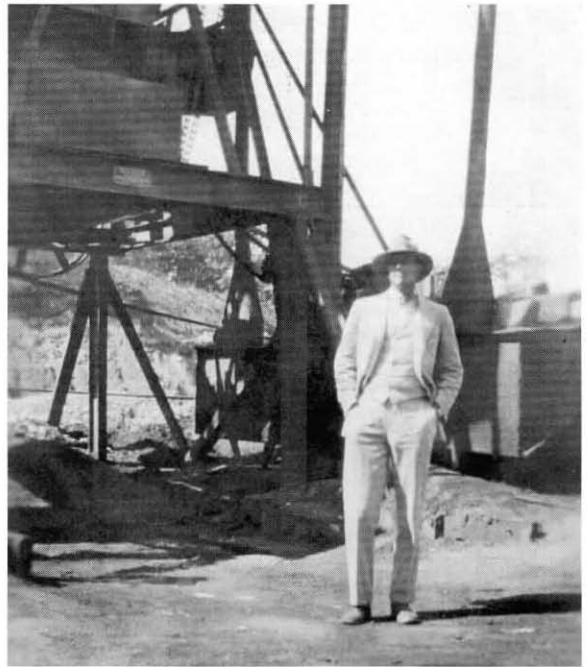


FVL much improved the old sandpit and asphalt plant on Gifford St. and erected a modern office building designed by Gunnar Peterson.



As in many early New England families, my father was considered to be the king. Sidney never said much in the house. However, in my mind's eye, Sidney dominated silently by his presence, commanding the respect traditionally afforded the male provider of the family. For my own part, through his own example the realization came to me early on that following custom, responsibility would also fall on me some day, making me aware that I should have to hold up to being "man-size" myself.

For the female contingent of our household, it was not that any of them ever felt subservient to any male, but rather they loved and cared well for my father out of respect. For their part, each of them was extremely capable in her own right. And as some proof of this, both my aunt and my mother began in business as telegraph operators. My Aunt Edith Wright became manager of the Woods Hole Western Union Co. My mother ran the Woods Hole Ice Co. My sister Virginia became the manager of Boston's Bonwit Teller's Gift Department and later became a successful interior decorator. My sister Margaret became



FVL duded up near asphalt plant.

the secretary to the Lawrence Welk Orchestra and went on to be successful in real estate. So they were all brilliant and successful in business. Nevertheless, when my father became ill, Virginia moved back home to look after him. She would drive during the day to her job in Boston, leaving home at 7 am and returning home at 7 pm every night to take care of him.



FVL, Macy, Eugenia, Freddie and Skip in 1943 in Woods Hole when we lived next door to Sidney and Josephine.

But if my father was the king, the reality in our household was that my mother, Josephine, ran the kingdom. My mother always seemed to fuss with my sisters a great deal. Margaret was always her favorite. In my opinion, a lot of time and money was spent on turning both girls into gentle ladies. At the time, I thought it was being a bit overdone, espe-



Josephine Cushman (Wright) Lawrence.

cially when I tried to get Virginia (Margaret being much younger) to help me wash the dishes. Conveniently, she would contract "dishwater diarrhea" and have to retire to the bathroom.

Invariably,

she would try to make my life miserable by spying on me and then telling my mother what she thought I was doing wrong.

We had an Ivers and Pond upright piano in the parlor that mother liked to play. She used to play a lot of Stephen Foster, but there were two pieces that seemed to be her favorites. A lot of gusto was put into these songs, as I recall it, "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Funny thing, my sister Virginia was hot on only one number: "Valse Caprice."

### Education of Josephine and Sidney's Children

As I look back, mother tried really hard to make something of her children. From early on in my childhood, my mother had me singing in the choir at The Church of the Messiah in Woods Hole and then having me take singing lessons until my voice cracked and changed. She then decided that she wanted me to play the violin. Much to my dismay, my Saturdays

were spoiled by having to spend the whole day going back and forth to New Bedford on the Woods Hole ferry for the lessons. Sometimes in the winter, the ice would be so thick in Buzzards Bay that the boat would have to return to Woods Hole.

Inspired by the Captain Lawrence who gave us the motto, "Don't give up the ship," it was decided by both my mother and her mother (even before I was born), that there should be another sea captain in the family. In anticipation, when I was born one of my ears was pierced and fitted with a gold ring, as this was the tradition for those bound for the open ocean. So when I became of age, I embarked on a career of being a famous Navy sea captain. I was enrolled in the U.S. Naval Academy Preparatory School for



The Sidney Lawrence family. FVL and Sidney standing. Margaret, Virginia and Josephine seated.



Posed photo at the New Bedford Zoo. Mr. Butler is pretending to see something of great importance at a distance. FVL is being silly. Margaret is bored and unhappy with the situation. Josephine is watching off stage.

two winters. Twice mother got me an appointment to take the Naval Academy exams; but I did not pass the entrance exams, mainly because I had already decided then that I wanted to be a general contractor like my father.

Mother's disappointment at my failure first as a concert musician and then later as a Navy admiral made me realize that I must get a hold of myself and stop fooling around. So in the spring, upon returning from the Annapolis prep school, I enrolled in the last of the senior year at Lawrence High School in Falmouth. Since one of the Lawrences had created a fund for the old Lawrence Academy and that name had later been transferred to the public school in order to keep the money, I thought it a good idea

to graduate from this institution. I was able to accomplish this.

Realizing further that I was not adequately prepared to go to a college engineering school, my mother, who had not given up on me, got me into Moses Brown Preparatory School in Providence, Rhode Island. It was a good thing, for by now I was determined to go to college, and this Quaker school was strictly business. The head master, Royston Thomas, still alive in 1990 and over 100 years old, was a great help and gave me much encouragement during my year there. Graduating from Moses Brown gave me the start I needed for college.

Meanwhile, both my sisters went to Falmouth public schools for a while, until the boyfriend craze increased the frequency of family arguments and required a concerned and ever watchful parental eye to look after them. They were sent off to private schools with Margaret going to the Dana Hall School in Wellesley. Virginia was first sent to a pri-



Virginia Lawrence.



Margaret Lawrence.

vate school in Connecticut then she later enrolled in a secretarial program at a prestigious girls school, which was then called National Park Seminary near Washington, DC.

Now I presented another big decision to my mother. After working for my father in the contracting business, I was more determined than ever that I needed to go to a good civil engineering college. So mother decided that I should go to the University of Maryland because it was near the National Park Seminary where Virginia was going to school, and I could keep an eye on her.

Rather than the normal four years, it took five years for me to graduate from the university. I lost time in my second semester when I became sick with jaundice and then had an appendix operation. Also, it being 1929 and the beginning of the Depression, there was no money. I went to work several nights a week playing or "slapping" the bass violin in a college jazz band and also for a professional outfit named the Miles Davis Orchestra of Washington, D.C.

As it turned out, my eye was directed away from my sister and completely towards a Southern gal from West Point, Virginia, who was a student at the same seminary. She was a beautiful "Greta Garbo" type, a young Swedish lady named Inga Maja Olsson. I became very "smitten" with her. So much so, that I

gave her my fraternity pin and invited her to visit our family during my summer vacation on Cape Cod. The consequence of this action was a disaster. My dear Inga was overwhelmed by the feminine contingent of my family, which made her look like a fish out of water. They all suspected that Inga couldn't

fry an egg, let alone handle any of the rigors of New England life. Sidney never had too much to say to me, for he was always too busy. When Sidney disapproved of anything I did, he almost always relayed that message through my mother. She would always say, "Your father says, etc., etc." Whether he said it or not, it was the law! To add to my heartbreak, he told my mother, and in turn my mother told me, "Your father says you could do better." So that was the end of it. Right away, I put Inga on the Boston train back to Virginia, never to see her again. It took me a long time to resolve my feelings for her.



FVL with his tin double-bass.

Much in the same way as my mother spent a lot of money on clothes for my two sisters, I was certainly rather noticed for the

automobiles that were bought for me by my mother during those "high and wide young heydays." First came one of the first issues of the Chrysler Sport Roadster, which I "cracked up" twice before getting rid of it. The first accident occurred on a terribly foggy night while I was on my way to Falmouth. I ran into the rear end of a Model T touring car, pushing its back seat up next to the front seat. Thank goodness no one really got hurt, although a boy friend who

had asked for a ride sued me. It gave me a lesson on so-called friends. Without any car then, my dad took me that night to the Wright homestead in Pocasset, where I was staying so that I could go to work with others on a road job my father had in Carver. Of course I felt terrible about what had happened and very apologetic to my father. And when I said how very sorry I was, he said after listening to me, "Well, no one is going to catch me driving so slow that they can kick me in the ass." It did make me feel a lot better. In a little while my mother and I went to Boston to the Gov. Fuller Packard Co. and at that time she bought me a beautiful grey sport convertible roadster with black fenders, and it was almost like brand new with two encased tires mounted on the front fenders with rear view mirrors. Wow, what a job! This "dream boat" Packard lasted in good A-1 condition until a few days before my marriage to Eugenia. While coming home one night after a dance with Genie at the Waquoit Yacht Club, I fell asleep and ran off the road near my home, taking down a six-inch maple tree. It woke me up. It was "nip and tuck" to get the car fixed before my honeymoon. To this day I wished I'd kept that Packard car, but I sold it to Dennis Rose, a great friend who worked for us for years. Sad to say the car's wiring caught fire and it burned up along with Dennis' garage over on Sandwich Road in Falmouth.

I forgot that for a little while at the U. of M., my mother got me a black Buick convertible roadster with a rumble seat. This auto came between the Chrysler and the Packard and many times it took me back and forth to Cape Cod from the U. of Maryland. While at college, in addition to some lively dates, I used it to carry my bass violin to various orchestra jobs about the Maryland and Washington, D.C. area. Also with the Buick, I drove two of my

Alpha Tau Omega fraternity brothers to their home in Groton, Mass. Bob and Jack Allen were great friends, and we had many good times together.

This going over things is quite a chore, which finally reminds me of the following: In the later part of my parents' life, they had many meetings in the evening at home with a representative of the Harold Baker Co., who handled Barre, VT gravestones. Sidney had bought two grave lots in The Church of the Messiah cemetery. So they spent much time going over how and what they wanted on the main monument. I must say they did a fine job. Cut on the top of the stone were the Masonic and Eastern Star emblems representing their membership in the local chapters, along with family names and dates. Since I am still writing and breathing, my termination date with the Grim Reaper has not been filled in yet. In the deep, abiding hour, there is no doubt my sisters, Margaret and Virginia, shared the same feelings of love and respect for my parents assembled at our family table, regardless of the fact that all of us of our generation had many divergent and independent opinions. So in our opinion, we deeply felt that Josephine Wright Lawrence and Sidney Warren Lawrence were great and wonderful parents and were particularly kind to us.

As a friendly afterthought about my parents, when I was born, Sidney wanted my middle name to be Van Buren, in honor of a dear old lady friend that had been very kind to him. However, some years later while looking at her gravestone, he found out that her real name was Van Ostall. Well, however, since I never knew what "Warren" stood for in Sidney's name, as most of his direct ancestors were either called Solomon or Henry, I haven't found it difficult to live with that error all my life.